

Wichita Daily Eagle

FIVE BUSINESS LAWS.

Something About the Legal Validity of Commercial Paper.

Every boy in this country who has a spark of ambition expects to earn his living as a man, and therefore requires a business education, says Golden Days. In this branch nothing is more essential than a knowledge of money matters, and the most important of these relates to the legal validity of a negotiable draft, note or check.

There are five essential elements which must be classed as follows:

1. It must be payable in money—that is, gold, silver or greenbacks, possibly also in United States currency, not in any kind of merchandise. Thus a note payable in one hundred calves' has been declared to be invalid.

2. It must be payable without any contingency or uncertainty. A note promising to pay "one thousand dollars out of the proceeds of ore to be raised and sold from any mine" is invalid. But a particular friend may be designated, as "I promise to pay out of the estate of B. deceased."

3. It must be payable at a certain specified time—a time certain to arrive. A note payable to A. B. "when he is twenty-one years of age" is not good, for he may not live to be twenty-one, and so the time is not certain to arrive. But a note payable "on demand" is held to be good, for demand is in the nature of things certain to be made at some time. The owner of such a note would not possess common sense if he never demanded payment.

4. It must be payable to the order of a certain party therein named, or else payable to bearer. Otherwise it is not negotiable, although as a simple written contract it is good as between the maker and the person to whom it is payable. But it is not capable of indorsement unless the words "order" or "bearer" appear.

5. The amount payable must be specified and certain. A note for one hundred dollars "with interest" is good, because the interest can be calculated and thus certainly ascertained, but a note reading "pay one hundred dollars or two hundred dollars" is not good.

AN UNCONSCIOUS TRICK.

Magician Hermann Has an Experience with a Bank Note.

Herrmann, the prestidigitator, is notorious for his fondness for doing tricks in public. He enjoys nothing better than to surprise a crowd with some clever feat of sleight-of-hand, then disappear in the crowd.

The other day he performed an involuntary trick—one he did not anticipate. He happened to jump on the front of a Broadway car and found he had no small change. He opened his pocketbook to get out a bill, and, in pulling out a note of one dollar denomination, also pulled out a one hundred dollar bill that was beneath it.

This for a moment fluttered in the wind. The car window was open; it made a quick flip backward, and neatly fell into a lady's hand satchel, which by accident had been left open on her lap. As she was looking out of the window she did not notice the circumstance. But Hermann walked back through the car, inserted his fingers into the lady's bag and drew forth the one hundred dollar bill, pleased and triumphant.

The crowd in the car of course recognized the magician and set up a howl, thinking it was one of his clever tricks. The lady, however, took the thing in a different spirit. She got very angry and belabored him with her tongue and threatened to call a policeman, and said that she was not there to be made the laughing stock of the public.

Herrmann in every way tried to explain and satisfy her that he had not selected her as the butt of one of his practical jokes, but without avail.

THE MOON DRAGON.

How an Eclipse of the Moon is Regarded in Oriental Lands.

It is a time-honored belief in Turkey and many other oriental countries that an eclipse of the moon is caused by a huge dragon that seeks to devour our "silvery sister world," and in making the attempt winds his slinky body about it, thus hiding it from terrestrial observers. A writer on the Brandon Banner was in Constantinople on the night of August 27, 1887, the occasion of the great eclipse throughout eastern Europe and western Asia, and was a witness to the peculiar ceremony of "Kahki-mayiyi," which was calculated to lure Luna from her seamy antagonist. There was a general attempt made to frighten the "dragon" by firing muskets and revolvers and by beating upon drums, cymbals, kitchen utensils, etc. As in times past, it was soon found that the moon was beginning to show her face, and congratulations were everywhere heard upon the victory gained. This queer lunar system is not confined to any class, but is believed in by the rich and poor, ignorant and educated alike.

The Benefit of Sea Voyages.

The sanitary effects of a sea voyage are very decided, says the London Lancet. First is the ocean climate. Sea air stimulates the appetite, improves digestion, assimilation, secretion and excretion. The glandular follicles and organs of the alimentary system are awakened to a high state of functional activity. Relaxed muscular tissue becomes firm, the heart is invigorated, the circulation is carried on more actively, respiration is deepened, the pure air inhaled promotes a quickened oxidation and tissue change, the skin grows soft and blooming, the tone of the nervous system is raised and a cheerful state of mind induced. The traveler gains flesh and strength, sleep is sound, lassitude vanishes and irritable nerves become firm.

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SILURAH'S STRIKE.

How Mr. Arrowshooter Was Conquered at Last.

(Original.)

BIJAH ANONADAB ARROWSHOOTER sat by the fire one cold winter morning reading the "Daily News."

The kitchen was not in its usual good order. There was lack of woman's neatness, there was want of woman's care. A pair of stout cowhide boots stood on a shelf over the stove, while their owner, tilted back in his chair, toasted his feet in the oven.

The table was cluttered with dirty dishes. Piles of crockery and greasy plates stood as they were left after a hearty meal. Since Mr. Arrowshooter had presided over the kettles and pans unwashed dishes had collected in ever-increasing numbers.

Mr. Arrowshooter was a peculiar man, with a peculiar name which had been handed down from father to son through several generations. He held peculiar views on woman's work and woman's sphere. "Women are fools," he said. "To spend so much time washing dishes. Might well leave 'em alone till there's enough to make a job of 'em, and right 'em all up the fast rainy day."

He felt well satisfied with himself on this particular morning, for having mentally reviewed a disturbance in his domestic affairs he decided that, since he had publicly asserted his rights, he had settled the matter in a manner befitting the dignity of manhood.

To be sure the breakfast was not so palatable as when "Silurah" prepared the frugal meal, but he reckoned him and Sam could get along until Silurah came to her senses. Anyhow he wouldn't be trod on by no woman, let alone his own wife, and if she thought he'd put up with such high falutin' doings, she'd tackled the wrong man.

With these reflections, he leisurely glanced over his paper, in a serene state of mind, carefully avoiding the item which was particularly interesting. When at last he forced himself to read it, he sprang from his chair in wrathful consternation.

Slowly he read aloud: "Whereas my wife Silurah Arrowshooter has left my bed and board I will pay no bills of her contracting."

"ANONADAB ARROWSHOOTER."

Directly under this insertion was the following:

"Warning!!

"Women are notified to keep away from the premises of Abijah Anonadab Arrowshooter, as his wife Silurah has struck for higher wages."

"SILURAH MELINDA ARROWSHOOTER."

"The impudent hussy!" exclaimed Mr. Arrowshooter, as he ground the paper under his feet. "A pretty talk that'll make 'em!" Every family in Stokerville takes the News. It'll be all over town before night. But I'll get even with her! She shan't boycott me—I'll give her enough of it!"

The next day Mrs. Silurahs had the sewing circle. Never had the ladies turned out in such numbers. The needles were hardly thrust before Miss Chirp piped out: "Do you think Mrs. Arrowshooter will get the best of Anonadab?"

"I'm sure I hope she will," returned Mrs. Fairplay. "Silurah's had a hard time since she married Anonadab. She wa'n't brought to do farm work. He used to be a terrible close-fisted young fellow, though where he got the trait nobody knows. They say he's worse since he was married, and if Silurah hadn't taken boards and slaved herself most to death, she and her son would have had pretty slim pickings. Anonadab owns a good farm and is layin' up money, but Silurah won't have much of it. Squire Parcelment says Anonadab has willed it mostly to his relations."

"That's downright mean," said Miss Chirp. "Scripture says: 'He that doth not provide for his own house is worse than an infidel.'"

"Silurah's borne more than I would," resumed Mrs. Fairplay. "She's paid her hired girl and the butcher, bought her own clothes and her son's besides bedding and table linen, and she's paid for repairs on the house. Anonadab was continually finding fault and fidgetin' out that boards didn't put a dollar into his pocket."

"He'll find out what Silurah's done," observed Miss Chirp. "She's been scrippin' herself and puttin' by every cent she could save to educate her boy. He's full of music just like his mother, but Anonadab won't help him because he don't like to farming. Anonadab hates music; he won't let Silurah buy a time if he is in the kitchen. She never dares to touch the piano when he's around. Silurah believes in educating a boy accordin' to his bent, but Anonadab thinks a deestrist school is good enough for a farmer's son. He says a college education is time and money thrown away. Silurah's a good woman," continued Miss Chirp, "and her husband hasn't done the fair thing by her."

"No," said Mrs. Fairplay. "Anonadab says he'd share his last dollar with her; but when it comes to the case in hand he isn't ready to do it. The fact is he wa'n't brought up to do for people. Bein' an only son everybody did for him, and that makes children selfish. Silurah was brought up differently. One of the best men I ever see. Seems as if he lived at Heaven's gate, and only stooped to help sinners in. I don't see how Silurah came to time hands with Anonadab, but she

says she loved him, and perhaps she did. I reckon she got tired of knockin' round in boardin' schools and wanted a home. Anonadab was forehanded and belonged to a good family, and the old folks thought it would be a good match. Silurah didn't realize what she was goin' into, nor how hard her little hands would get playin' on a wash-board instead of a piano. She's smart, and she's got grit. I hope she'll get her way. That boy of hers will make his mark in the world. Those great eyes and that broad forehead wa'n't given him for nothin'."

"I suppose Mr. Arrowshooter will be looking for a housemaid," said Miss Scrub, who occasionally accepted a kitchen situation "just to accommodate." "He won't get me. He deserves to have a try at housework and then he'll have more sympathy for Silurah."

A glance of intelligence passed round the circle. "Let's stand by Silurah," said Mrs. Fairplay, who had a certain humor in her position. "I'll sign our advertisements to my brother, who edits the County Sentinel. We'll watch the fun and see how many women will dare to invade Mr. Arrowshooter's premises."

A hearty laugh rang through the room and merciless jokes were cracked at Mr. Arrowshooter's expense which would have dashed his self-complacency if he had heard them. A labor league was formed then and there. Silurah had adherents she never dreamed of having when she mustered courage to leave home on a strike.

Her cousin Amelia kept a genteel boarding house in a neighboring city. She had corresponded with Mrs. Arrowshooter from the time they were schoolgirls together and fully understood her peculiar trials. When Silurah, in desperation, said she was tempted to strike and go where she could educate her son, Cousin Amelia offered her twenty-five dollars a month and the board of her son if she would take charge of her kitchen and captivate the boarders with muffins and chops which no one could cook quite so deliciously as Silurah.

One bright morning when Mr. Arrowshooter went to the village to get his horse shod, Mrs. Arrowshooter and her son went in an opposite direction to a railway station and took the first train for the city.

On his return Mr. Arrowshooter found a deserted house, a fireless kitchen and on the clock a note, short but expressive: "Gone for higher wages."

"Let her go!" he sniffed, contemptuously. "I shan't run after her."

He made no attempt to find her and felt no anxiety about the result of the affair until he saw the bit of sarcasm in the News saucily defying his authority.

Silurah was shrewd. She knew her husband received the evening News, and when the morning edition appeared with Mr. Arrowshooter's advertisement, she hastened to the office with her reply and arranged that it should be printed under her husband's insertion. The editor saw the point and consented, wisely inferring that more would follow, and that others besides himself would watch the novel conflict.

Silurah had been away from home a week. Her husband thought she would relent and come back by Saturday night, but he was mistaken. Her note of defiance signified war for Mr. Arrowshooter was "not the man to be bossed by a woman. Women were inferior to men. Their brains were smaller and weighed less. Men were made to be the head of the family, and he, Anonadab Arrowshooter, would be master of his own house."

He began to tire of the continual round of kitchen duties, for, although he shirked as many as possible, and his wife had left a good parcel of cooked food, still he and Sam had hearty appetites and "they hadn't made the victuals go as far as they might, seen" as he didn't think Silurah'd be gone so long.

The bill of fare was growing monotonous, as his knowledge of cooking was limited to fried ham, pork and potatoes. The advertisement decided him. He harnessed his horse and started to hire a girl. If he had been a woman he would have had some slight idea of the herculean task before him; he would have entered upon his search with less self-confidence, and with a clearer knowledge of the market value of domestic help.

He first asked a neighbor if she could tell him where to find a maid. His wife had gone away for a spell, and he wanted some help for a week or two.

This bit of diplomacy did not deceive the lady. She had attended the sewing circle. She replied cautiously; she did not know where to direct him. "Good girls were scarce. Maybe he could get Mary Ann Tompkins. Mary Ann went out nursing sometimes and generally did the housework if the woman didn't keep help. Mary Ann was particular; it was doubtful if he could get her, but it would do no harm to try."

This advice involved a ride of four miles. Mary Ann opened the door, eyed him sharply and said: "You errand, and blandly answered, 'I didn't wish to hire out much less to live on a farm. She was going to work in a shop. A girl was a fool to do housework when she could go into a shop. Perhaps he could get a girl in Milltown—the French girl wanted a place.'"

Another drive of two miles in an opposite direction ended in an interview with a black-eyed, slatternly girl who did the questioning in short sentences. "Live on a farm? Make outter? How many in family? Want me to wash, iron, cook and scrub? Who used to do your work? Did she do all that? I don't want the place. I'd rather work in the mill."

"I don't want you," mentally rejoined Mr. Arrowshooter, as he stepped into his sleigh thinking where he should go next. He decided to call on Mrs. O'Hara, a woman who had washed for Mrs. Arrowshooter. Mrs. O'Hara advised him to try Katie Flynn. She was out of a place, living on her cousin and was a "foine, tidy kind of a girl."

Katie pursued the same line of inquiry as Miss French, with additional questions concerning the distance from church, number of nights out, wages and company. Mr. Arrowshooter began to feel discouraged when suddenly Katie asked his name. Her eyes flashed the instant he answered, "An' do ye think I'd be injurin' me fair name by goin' to wile the likes as ye? Do ye think I'd be seen on yer lonesome farm and the mistress away? What kind as a girl do ye take me for? With a vigorous slam she shut the door in his face, and he

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